



AVROZIANA

OR

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

*Being Poems on Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji
and other Friends of India*

WITH

"THE VOICE OF THE EAST ON THE GREAT WAR."
(2ND SERIES)

BY

RUSTAM B. PAYMASTER, B. A LL. B.
HIGH COURT PLEADER.

*Author of "The Nazarana, or "Coronation Ode"
Etc., Etc*

With a Foreword

BY

SIR NARAYEN G CHANDAVARKAR.

1917.

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TO THE REVERED MEMORY
OF
The Late Dr. William Wordsworth,
LL D, C, I E
Principal, Elphinstone College, Bombay

A true Friend of India and one of her ablest,
noblest and most fearless Champions

*These pages are most respectfully inscribed
By his grateful pupil.*

*As Ind's preceptor great her truest friend,
He did the bounds of liberty extend,
He sowed the seed of liberal thought and deed,
On India's grateful soil, while most in need,
That bears a healthy, luscious fruit to day,
And toil of husbandman doth well repay;
Thus of an era new brought on the dawn,
And Ind her slumber broke, tho' now he's gone!*

FOREWORD.



Mr. Rustom B Paymaster, whose poems published in Bombay newspapers from time to time on various important subjects, and among them in particular on the late Dr. Dadabhai Naoroji, the late Dr William Wordsworth, the late Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, the late Mr Justice Kashinath Trimbak Telang, and the late Mr. Gopal Krishna Gokhale are republished in this book, desires me to say a few words by way of introduction

The names of those five worthies, whose memories are consecrated in the following pages are in themselves sufficient to make the poems attractive. Their reader will not fail to find that Mr Paymaster's muse has, in the case of each of the worthies, brought out the salient points and striking lessons of his career, and given a faithful picture in verse of the original. What adds to the value of the poems here given in a compact form is that the lives of the five men, who, it goes without saying, have been pre-eminent among the makers of the India of to-day under British rule, stand for one life—the life which stirs now the mind and heart of this country and enables it to look forward and aspire. Whatever differences of opinion there may be amongst us on the political problems of the day, however much we may be divided on the question of the stages through which the country must pass before Indian aspirations, as voiced by the leaders of whom the following pages of poetry sing, can earn their full fruition, one fact is undeniable that a new life of light has opened out to India. We stand at the opening of "A New

Day ' in the history of this country. And of that 'New Day' Dadabhai Wordsworth, Pherozeshah Mehta Telang and Gokhale have been signally among the prophets and fore-runners

It is a happy thought and coincidence which has suggested to the author of this book its title Naorozina Naoroz among our Parsee fellow-countrymen means literally A New Day. The Parsee era commences from that day. These poems are published on that day of this year. What is more important they lead with the lines on the late Dr Dadabhai Naoroji who has been to India's people the father of the New Day of the future of their aspirations and who from the first to the last of his public career worked and unselfishly spent himself for the cause of Justice Liberty, Righteousness and Humanity. And these poems end with a Second Series of Mr Paymaster's poems on the present World War into which the British Raj has entered for the very causes of which the late Dadabhai Naoroji stood throughout his public life extending over seventy years as the prime political Apostle of India faithful and fearless to the end.

That gives him the right to the title which Mr Paymaster in one of his poems aptly gives to the late Mr Dadabhai Naoroji. He has been to the India of the last seventy years 'the seed old unique in millions' in this country. Here was a man simple and modest who when he had finished his college education taught for a few years in the same college as a Professor then gave up his Professorship and lived for the most part in visiting India occasionally and for a short time all

scorning the delights pleasures and conventions of society lived a hermit's life wedded to his desk and his Blue-Books thousands of miles away from his country-men And there in his study he saw India and her people far more truly and vividly than he could have seen had he lived in India and far more than any body else who has lived all along in the country and mixed with the people could have seen India at a distance was much closer to his vision than to those whose sight is apt to be dimmed by daily contact with the passions prejudices and exaggerations of life Dadabhai's life as a political worker was that of the Indian Rishis who living in caves or the solitude of the forests could read the fortunes of their country as prophets and discern the times aright with a close grip on the present and a true insight into the future It is that prophetic spirit which enabled him to start preach and emphasise with all the vigour and freshness of youth from day to day from the beginning to the end of his public life the gospel of self government for India within and under the aegis of the British Empire The growing life of a country, which seeks to advance in all directions never moves along smooth lines As it moves onwards controversies also grow and the scene becomes more and more one of lights and shades, the shades sometimes obscuring the lights Just at present when India is filled with the atmosphere of political movements and aspirations we are passing through one of such stages There is need for us all for the vision which lighted the life, held up the heart and buoyed up the hope of Dadabhai Naoroji We can not all command that vision for it is a divine gift but we can all partake of it as we see it illustrated in the life of Dadabhai Naoroji

The late Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, whose life Mr Paymaster has taken as another subject of his poetry was bred in his younger days in the school of Dadabhai. His life and career may well be described as the second edition of Dadabhai's life and career. Both were touched by one spirit—the love of India and the faith and hope of India. Both had a mind and a heart that could see with fine insight the sunshine behind the clouds and penetrate into the real behind the superficial.

Their politics were not of the arm-chair or the street or the market place because their outlook was broad, their intellects above the common, and they knew how to get to the heart of every political controversy. They were masters, not slaves of the common and current watchwords of the politics of the day. They raised every political question to the dignity and seriousness of a human problem. In that respect the master and the pupil were alike. But beyond that each had his special aptitude which distinguished him from the other. Dadabhai was a statistician. He was a man of the blood and iron of stern facts and figures. His array of them in all his speeches and writings made him prosy in the eye of indolent minds and slack thinkers. But the thoughtful and the serious could perceive in his speeches and writings silent unpremeditated because natural, touches of poetry and humour growing out of his feeling heart, which gave the light of restrained passion to the conclusions and lessons which he strove to drive home to the bosoms of his hearers and readers. Pherozeshah Mehta was passion but it was all passion moved by the skill of debate and dialectics and the restraint of a constitutional lawyer. The contrast such as it was between the two may be summed up in a few words. Dadabhai's

politics were prose here and there touched by a subdued sense of poetic passion Pherozeshah Mehta's politics were poetry restrained by the prose of law

Telang and Gokhale to whom also Mr Paymaster's muse has paid her homage in the following pages, had the same outlook and vision which distinguished Dadabhai and Pherozeshah Mehta Telang was like Mehta a dialectician and debater but with this difference Mehta was a lion in debate Telang a lamb Telang strove to win opponents by the persuasiveness of logic Mehta strove to crush them by its passion Gokhale had in the earlier days the fire of Mehta and would have become a second edition of him but he trained himself on the model of Dadabhai So he became a satesman of facts and figures but by nature emotional, he could impart to them more passion than Dadabhai did or desired

It is a rich legacy of life of character and duty which these four high souled sons of India have left to us And hence the value of Mr Paymaster's poems which give us true portraits of their personalities

The value of these poems is enhanced by the touching lines of Mr Paymaster on his and my great teacher and Professor the late Dr William Wordsworth Those of us who sat at that dear master's feet and learnt lessons of high value of life and duty who felt in his presence the inspiration such as comes only from true greatness may well read Mr Paymaster's poetic tribute to his memory and find back something of the sunshine of our youth as we enjoyed it in our college days The Avatar of true sympathy ' as Mr

Paymaster truly describes him. Dr. Wordsworth was one of those genuine mystics who living in communion with "the noble dead" of the ancient times in Greece and Rome—his Homer and his Virgil—discerned the true values of life and held fast to the faith of humanity even in the midst of the passing sorrows and sufferings and miseries and devastations of contemporary life. We need that faith now. What student is there of the late Dr. Wordsworth who does not feel that he should say of him: "Wordsworth, thou shouldst be living at this hour."

From among the other pieces in this book, I would select and call attention to the poems on the War now raging in Europe. The lines entitled "The Voice of the East on the Great War" are inspiring and the fact that copies of that poem, in its first edition, were all disposed of within a few weeks of its publication shows that those lines have been well appreciated. Mr. Paymaster has also added to the present book his new lines on Lord Hardinge and the Mesopotamia Commission. In those lines he has voiced the unanimous sentiment of affection of the people of India for their late Viceroy.

In commending Mr. Paymaster's poetry I would only add that it presents to us faithful and suggestive pictures of men whose names and lives have become part of India's history and deserve to be enshrined in our hearts with grateful memory.

September 4, 1917

N. G. CHANDAVARKAR

composed more or less as a pastime during my leisure hours may be taken to voice as it were however inaptly, the feelings and sentiments of the Princes and People of India on the subject of the present war. All India, with one accord approves of the righteous cause for which our Gracious Sovereign the Allies are fighting and fervently hopes that the day is not far when the final goal will be reached and the arms of allies crowned with success and enduring Victory.

I must not omit to express here my warmest thanks to Sir Narayen G Chandavarkar for kindly writing a Foreword for this book and encouraging me in my humble efforts.

Bombay, September 4, 1917

RUSTAM B PAYMASTER

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(*Second Series*)

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MR. DADABHAI NAOROJI.

AN ODE OF WELCOME.

NO sceptred monarch now the shore doth grace,
No Archduke grand of famous Austrian race,
No Czar with proud in ruddy mantle fine,
No Prince of Wales, of Royal British line,
No crownèd potentate of Western shore,
No Viceroy-Elect, nor King, nor Emperor -
But simple, modest soul of sterling worth,
With vantage none of rank, or wealth or birth—
Unique in millions full two fifty two—
We greet, with national rejoicing true,
Spontaneous joy, sincere, as ne'er did stir
The heart of woman, child or man, before.

Hail! Hero, Hail! Thrice welcome King uncrown'd!
Hail India's son to Indian home now bound!
Hail bloodless Victor, Hail thou valiant knight!
Hail sturdy Champion of Truth, Justice, Right!

MR. DADABHAI NAOROJI.

ON HIS 79th BIRTHDAY

4th September 1903

ALONE, unfriended, unattended, bold,
Full fifty years ago he left our shores

The following is a copy of an autograph letter received from the writer from Mr Dadabhai Naoroji in which with characteristic humility he remarks that he did not go to England alone unfriended &c. It need hardly be said that Mr Dadabhai Naoroji

"Alone, unfriended, unattended, bold

Full fifty years ago left our shores

To fight our Cause"

though he may have also gone as we all know, as a partner in a business firm

Washington House,
72, Anerley Park
London S E

7th October 1903

Dear Rustom

Your poem has elicited a response from an English friend. I send you a copy of it, which I think will please you. You will be at liberty to make any use of it. While I am writing this letter I may just as well inform you that your first line is not accurate

I did not come here fifty years ago—"Alone, unfriended, unattended"

I came here as a partner in the firm of Cama & Co. the very first Indian firm in this country and a large firm too

There were two other partners with me Mr Manchester Cama and Mr K. R. Cama and I represented in the firm the Bombay firm of Messrs Cursetjee No-serwanjee Cama & Co.

For far-off Britain's free and favoured land,
To fight our cause and Justice to secure
To multi coloured millions of his race,
Redress their long felt wrongs, their rights protect,
By force of Reason, Persuasion's pow'r,
To show what fabled wealth of India meant,
How vanished her "barbaric pearl and gold",
Who shook her great pagoda tree of vore,
To prove her storied riches all were myth,
Delusion, sure, aye, mischief working craft,
How poor, in truth, she was, how starved her sons-
The brown skinned children of her suffering soil,
Accursed by dreadful droughts and famines dire,
When angry Nature did put on her frown,

How her own sons from service were debarred,
While posts tell freely to the heav'n born race.

Ev'n in his darkest hour of blank despair,
With lamp of Hope and inward light his guide,
And Faith in righteousness of his just Cause,
With Patience, Courage as his watchwords sole,
And India's needs and wants his battle cry,
His banner proud of Truth, to Heav'n he raised,
And gallant rushed, midst rivals' packed phalanx,
With fruiting, aching soul and bleeding heart,
And waged full Seven Years his holy War,
Until he triumph gained and victory !
He knocked and knocked persistent at the gate,
And suffrage won of Central Finsbury,
And made his honoured way to Parliament,—
The refuge last of every injured race,
Where Freedom's battles proud are daily won
Behold ! A wonder of the age ! that he,
A 'dark' man proved the champion of the ruling race

Ah ! Patriots by hundreds come and go
On India's barren plain, but he, alone,

Of thirty crores, unflinching foremost stood,
T' advance his country's long-neglected cause,
The fierce fight to brave and bear the brunt
Of scorn, rebuke, derision, obloquy—
Fore runners of success in emprise great
No unsel glory craved, no hollow fame,
Nor lagged behind, nor courage lost, nor swerved
From sacred Duty's strait and cheerless path.
His course, like Argos', hourly watched by all,
Approval's silent, grateful voice invoked
From Com rin's point to Kinchinganga's height !
Brave son of Ind ! her bulwark and her strength !
Collyrium of her eyes ! Her soothing balm !
What hope inspired, what ambition moved
Thy modest soul, that thou, without demur,
Didst all at once thyself expatriate
From country of thy birth, from Mother Ind ?
Didst tear thyself away from consort's side,
Dissever from thy friends and kith and kin,
And seas and oceans plough and mountains climb,
And plunge thyself unto the battle-field,
And single-handed lead thy vast crusades,

Like heroes brave of Achæmean times ?
 Thou didst devote thy life to Duty's call
 And ruthlessly did crush thy noble self
 For India's sake, O exile self condemn'd?
 O pilgrim blest! O wandering minstrel bold
 From home from friends, from kindred, self expelled
 Could one from life's appointed portion spare
 Some years and add them to thy long age
 Then Parsi, Sikh Bengali, Madras
 Marathi, Sindhi Rajput, all alike,
 Would each with thee other vie and gladly lay
 At thy blest feet an offering of his life,
 And round thy sacred brow with zeal would twine
 A diadem of years culled from their lives
 Together strung, like pearls with heart and soul,
 In such high reverence they hold thy worth!
 Let India now unite and humbly pray
 To Him that grants just prayer and desire —
 The bounteous Lord of all that's pure and good,
 That thou unto St. Stephens be returned —
 The glorious scene of Freedom's struggles bold

God grant thee further lease of useful years,
To serve thy country and promote its good,
O'er Empire vast thy sacred gospel spread,
And east and west its teaching loud proclaim!

Sept 3, 1903



The following is the poem referred to by Mr Dadabhai Naoroji —

But now; the valiant Parsee does not stand
Alone, unheeded in a foreign land,
Friends he has made, not one, not two, but more,
Nay, he can count them by the fifty score
A man who 'as lived beyond the allotted span,
Who 'as striven his best to serve his fellow man
Has found such welcome on Great Britain's shore,
No Englishman could even wish for more
We speak of British pluck, endurance, fame;
What man has earned a more endearing name?
A torch he has lighted for the Indian's guide,
While Anglo fellow subjects rally to his side
In Eighteen-ninety-two he won such fame,
Which opened the doors of Parliament to India's claim
For three short years he strove with all his might,
Pleading for justice, honesty and right
And now in Nineteen-three he stands again,
And asks North Lambeth to endorse his claim
And when the fight is o'er, all hope to see,
Dadabhai Naoroji, India's Pride, M P

G. W. CLARKE

Dadabhai Naoroji.

True son of Ind ! Your life's great mission was
Your country's pristine glory to restore,
For which all ease and comfort you foreswore,
Nor sought mere hollow praise nor vain applause,
But ceaseless served her long-neglected Cause,
In her defence Truth's shining armour wore,
And drew the flashing sword of Justice pure,
Unceasing till death brought the final pause
To India's youth a newer faith you taught,
To their young minds a healthy creed you brought,
Showed them the path of fearless sacrifice,
Of selfless love that sought no earthly price,
For decades seven their boundless love you won,
India has not yet borne a nobler son!

2nd July 1917



The Late Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji.

OBEYING naught but Duty's stern command
You raised in us all hopes legitimate,
New India did by matchless power create,
Nor blanched, nor quailed, but made a dauntless stand,
Firm as a rock, for your own motherland
Did not one jot of heart or hope abate,
Once more on earth to make her people great
And from their rulers greater rights demand

The flame of Swaraj you have kindled here
Will burn with fervid glow from year to year,
'Twill never be extinguished nor subdued,
So long as Indians' zeal supplies it food,
With strength of nerve and daringness of soul
Right onward twill take them to promised goal'



Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji.

I

'TIS dark, the sky of Ind is now o'ercast
With densest gloom, her Solar King is gone,
Who cheered her with his light and love for years,
Who gave her nobler cares and larger views,
Infused in her a life of Faith and Hope,—
Of boundless Hope and Faith beyond all thought,
Awoke her from her deepest apathy,
And taught her how to weave her destiny!

II

No more is Ind a listless country now,
Dull, cold and lifeless as you erstwhile found
A spirit new with aspirations large
Your gospel of Swaraj inspires in her,
Her heart is stirred unto its utmost depths,
Her pulse moves quick with warm and healthy blood
There's life in every limb, that once was numb,
And blood flows free in every artery,

III.

You left your hearthstone warm in native Ind,
Those near and dear to you, your kith and kin,
For foreign lands, in colder regions bleak,
You stood the stress of adverse wind and storm,
Of frost and blight, receiving scars and wounds,
Nor swayed from side to side in coldest blast,
But manful conquered all for years and years,
Inured to roughest weather ever known!

IV.

Your voice soon gathered all the scattered bones
That in the valley lay, called them to life
As if their time of resurrection came.
Your own example was a deathless torch
With which was kindled bright for evermore
The fire of purest patriotism,—
Which not in mere lip service hollow lay,
But deep as life, embraced a myriad souls!

V.

You by your self-control first conquest made
O'er all your senses, passions, appetites,

No pride you had of victories you gained,
Nor consciousness of service rendered long,
But always like a true Zoroastrian wore
The white and spotless garment of true love,
In mother India's temple stood devout,
And to her loving offerings hourly gave

VI

O best of patriots e'er produced on earth!
India's true Saviour and Apostle famed!
Though winters ninety-two passed o'er your head,
Still, still the same simplicity of faith
You had, so burning and so passionate,
So unsurpassed in pristine purity,
Which all around undying lustre spread,
With reasoned right and sober self restraint.

VII

Sagacious leader of your countrymen!
Whose destinies did mould your speech and pen
Controlled and guided currents of their thoughts,
To right and noble ends you used your power
To highest purposes employed each hour,

And in return as idol worshipped far,—
For ever loved and honoured and esteemed
For ever revered and forever mourned.

VIII.

In every niche your Indian brethren will
Preserve your image bright with sacred love,
Be they Hindoos, or Moslems, or Parsees,
Marathas, Sikhs, or Sindhis, Bengalies
Their sons and daughters and their children, too,
Will lisp your name as maker of their race,
Regenerator of their country loved,
Who gave them eyes and gave them light and life,
And gave them voice and speech who once were
dumb

IX

Let us not sadden him by our vain tears,
Too great he was for us to weep and mourn,
But following his sacred footsteps close,
In lowly-wise, our gratitude may show
To him who had the seer's foresight deep,
Unclouded, sweet simplicity of heart,

Whose mighty soul poured out but warmth and light,
In cascades bright, enkindling all the world.

X

The magic wand you held as prophet blest,
Hath changed the aspect of our country's Cause,
Where once was dark, there soon appeared a haze,
By efforts yours, 'twas changed to crimson tint
Of dawn, and grew to blaze of glorious light,
Of Swaraj and self-government you taught,
And earned with one accord and one acclaim,
The diadem of immortality!

July, 1917



The Late Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji.

Sir Narayen G Chandavarkar's Funeral Oration *

Ye children of our ancient far-famed Ind
Once rich in sons the cream of human kind
Ye for whose sake the sun that's now no more
Freely and gladly did his life-blood pour,—
Behold the greatest man of Ind to-day
In peace to Nature stern his debt doth pay !

* Dadabhai Naoroji belonged to the great Parsi community and if we take stock of his life and his example may I not say with perfect justice and truth that in his career in all he did in all he suffered and in all he taught he was the Prophet Zoroaster's religion personified incarnated because he was the man more than anybody else of pure thoughts of pure speech and of pure deeds—the sun and substance of the Zoroastrian religion. Therefore it is no exaggeration to say it not marring the beauty of the religion to say that he was second Zoroaster sent to India to make the sun of righteousness and of India's future progress shine more and more by means of our pure thoughts our pure speech and our pure deeds.”—Sir Narayen G Chandavarkar's oration at the foot of the Tower of Silence on 1st July 1917

Never has India grieved so great a loss,
Nor she has borne for centuries such a cross;
Each village, town and city do we find
Now mourn alike the premier son of Ind,
In whom were known, in whom were typified,
Traits of a holy life so dignified !

Our Grand Old Man, our patriarch approved,
The father of his countrymen beloved,
Is gone, the glory of his life remains,
So long as liveth Truth, the earth sustains,
So long as we self-sacrifice extol
And righteousness, simplicity of soul !

To Dadabhai who has not homage paid ?
Who seventy years ago foundation laid
Of progress-social and political,
Reform that was his faith's chief article,
Who saw the seed laid by him carefully,
Grow in fair time unto a beauteous tree.

In all he did, in all he suffered, too,
In all he wrought, and all he taught and knew,

Zoroaster's faith personified in him,
In service and well-doing so supreme—
A man so pure of thought and word and deed,
True follower of great Zoroaster's creed

In truth, a second Zoroaster, he
How well Ind's future greatness could foresee,
To make the Sun of righteousness divine,
And India's progress and advancement shine,
Strove more and more by means so just and pure,
To each our ill applying patient cure

He is not dead; his spirit is with us,
And guides us with a will so generous
The Sun that rose years ninety three ago,
Has set, to rise again, with brighter glow,
In the guise of regenerated Ind,
With faith and spirit new, unbound, unsinned
He was our own, he did our hearts enthral,
And go into the bosom of us all,
He lived and worked with us, with might and man,
With self-devotion which must e'er remain

For all the Indians as a beacon light !
And serve, for aye, as inspiration bright !
Live by the light of his example pure,
In all you think or speak or may endure,
Even sacrificing all for India's sake,
In hall or cottage, sleeping or awake
In all you do, in all you think or feel,
Remember him, to his life-work appeal

Dadabhai Naoroji.

A Foe of "Frightfulness"

On India's great past with calm delight you gazed—
Her glorious past of Ram and Sita's time,
When men observed the good old truths sublime,
Marking our spirit's growth with eyes undazed
The banner proud of Progress you upraised
And lifted us to more congenial clime
You taught our people higher still to climb,
And for their lasting good yourself erased
Fresh as the dawn and as the sunset brave,
From darkness of the night didst India save,
Among ideals all enthroning Right,
For her you then presaged a future bright,
All acts of force, of frightfulness abhorred,
And of sweet harmony full blessings poured !

Dadabhai Naoroji.

A True Zoroastrian.

Crushed under Persecution's cruel heel,
Since your great forbears here from Iran came,
The rule of Faith and Conscience to proclaim,
None did so much for Bharat-Mata feel,
None showed such warm zeal for her lasting weal
As thou who soon her Champion brave became,
To fight for her with pure and lofty aim,
And ever didst to eternal truths appeal.

Like a Zoroastrian true, good thought, good deed,
In thy endeavours high had been thy creed.
Of India's greatness sowing thus the seed,
The "dawn of era" new hast ushered in,
From Darkness' hand the sceptre sure didst win,
The light of glorious morn soon to begin.

The Late Principal Wordsworth×

C I F L L D

By Wordsworth's death alas! in Italy —
We've lost the Avatar of true sympathy
How India was still dear to his great heart
Although from her by oceans kept apart
A quarter century's length he had not seen
The land whose staunchest Champion he had been

×In a letter to the writer D Wordsworth's niece writes —

Dear Sir — Your letter to my uncle Mr William Wordsworth (of the 6th January 1917) was received by him with much pleasure and he was intending to answer it when he was struck down with mortal sickness and after three weeks of great suffering, borne with uncomplaining patience and resignation his noble spirit was released without a pang on March 7th at 1 p m. We buried him in Rome in the English Cemetery where Keats and Shelly rest and his grave lies close to that of his Baby Brother who died in Rome 47 years ago but who had always lived in the heart of the truest friend and relation the world has ever known. His mighty intellect was never clouded to the last day of health His Homer, Virgil and the Greek Epigrams were always to his hand and were studied for hours daily.

I am writing to you as I had the good fortune to learn your name and address from my uncle perhaps you would kindly communicate this sad intelligence to any other of his old pupils in whatever manner seems most suitable to you.

My uncle was in his 82nd year and died at the Eden Hotel Rome — Yours in much sadness

J M M L I N I D K I N N I D Y

Villa Wordsworth Capri

For decades three here Learning's torch h'ad held
 To Truth and Right obedience thus compelled
 As great preceptor well known far and wide,
 Our truest friend, philosopher and guide
 By India's youth and by her public men
 He stood as advocate, by speech and pen,
 To vindicate their honour when assailed,
 Reason and Truth o'er Pride and Power prevailed
 His mighty intellect upto the last
 Was not the least with cloud or speck o'ercast
 Homer and Virgil's company each day
 Acted as tonic his weak frame to stay
 With uncomplaining patience pain he bore,
 His true, heroic spirit all adore,
 To God his noble soul in peace resigned,
 With smile on lips and with a tranquil mind
 From mortal coil (as it Almighty pleased)
 His ardent spirit was at length released,
 Without a pang, without a sigh or groan
 In calm submission crossed the bound unknown
 Resigned his soul in great historic Rome
 The world-famed city, mighty heroes' home,
 Once the great Mistress of the world and Queen,
 Of greatest exploits here on earth the scene,

ON THE LATE MR. JUSTICE TELANG'S PORTRAIT AT THE ARTS EXHIBITION.

Is this the likeness this the remnant sole,
This the sum total, this the sample all
That meets the gaze on entrance to the hall
Of Fine Arts Palace, and adorns the wall
On right ? Is this what is left here of Telang,
Whose fame whose deeds, whose worth, all Bomby sang
Ere funeral-cymbals ceased ? With whose praise rang
The air, loud, deep when ruthless Death did twang
His bugle horn and Hope's bright lamp did cast
To dust, by putting him to slumber last ?
Say tis but earthly part, nay *semblance* mere
Of earthly part Sheer shade of light and cheer
That moved midst us (Steal not thou silent tear
Wherefore intrude in th Exhibition here ?)

What doth Law Journals' milk as back-ground mean ?
What imports dry Reports his fingers tween ?
Know'st not that *Literature's* chime fine serene
It was he gambolled in from hour to hour
Till cold Death's dark and gloomy cloud did lour,

Disease's pall his wearied limbs did cover
And carry him to Love's last blissful bower
For culture born, for culture constant bred,
To Culture, fair, attractive, he was wed,
Culture, self-culture was his daily bread,
In Health and Culture's conflict he was dead !
Culture his couch, and culture evening rest,
Culture this modest scholar-martyr's crest.
Literature true his wealth, delight and dower
O'er Culture's self his parted soul must hover
Literature's works should then as background serve,
For these, O Artist, will the truth preserve.

Wherefore these ruddy cheeks, this bloom of health?
O treacherous Health ! insidious and by stealth
Didst guaw unknown his vitals and lay low—
Like lightning's stroke, alas ! to all our woe—
One who the lore of East and West combined
In his own self, whose clear, well-balanced mind
Was never swayed by Passion's passing gust,
Whose views and counsel wise and sober, just,
Right freely sought in need by young and old,
Experience' touchstone found hut standard gold.

Where are those beaming eyes, that radiant smile,
Where's Telang's shrug of shoulders that erewhile

*Spoke of fair Conscience' gentle prick they bore,
That bid him boldly her fair Voice adore—
Where & his smooth flowing speech for ever sought?
All, all, on earth are now but dust and naught.*

Feb 9, 1894.

THE LATE HON. MR. G. K. GOKHALE, C. I. E.

All India doth with grief disconsolate,
Now mourn and weep a loss so deep, so great,—
The loss of Gokhale, noble Champion, bold,
Who did fair India's sacred Cause uphold
To mother Ind himself did dedicate,
And for loved India his life immolate,
Who sacrificed himself and all he had
A hundred battles single handed led,
In all whose moments, waking or in dream,
His country and her cause were e'er supreme,
Who wise and well did guide her destinies,
Neglecting comfort and forsaking ease
For her, by night and day with zeal he burned,
To her, as to a sacred altar turned
The high souled patriot, who the bar hath crost,
Stood up for Right and Truth at every cost
In council halls his radiant face did shine,
That with great eloquence did nerve combine
Who Knighthood did like empty honour treat,
In work and worth his best reward did meet

Left an example of life nobly lived,
 By selfless love a deathless name achieved.
 Just as a candle, in pure, stainless white,
 Stands straight and lonely on a cold dark night,
 Nor cares for outward glory, nor for praise,
 But sweetly casts its own transcendent rays,
 Of light and warmth and life on all around,
 Without a bluster, or an empty sound,
 And melts and sheds its modest smiling tears,
 And all about with quiet gladness cheers,—
 Intent to bless by its own mellow light,
 Its lustre, showing all things pure and bright,
 Wastes its own body, finally expires,
 To blissful death as a great prize aspires,
 So Gokhale by his eloquence divine,
 In Council chamber did so sweetly shine,
 Glad for all India to extinguish self,
 Disdained aggrandisement and power and self,
 To serve us well his life did consecrate,
 And for the general good self annihilate,
 With patience laboured to dispel the dark,
 By Education's clear and heavenly spark,
 With ardour, cool and calm, defeat he bore,
 The more the strength consumed he shone the more.

True son of Ind! Patriot great and good !
All opposition thou hast bravely stood.
By Conscience led, hast well thy Duty done,
In public life the proudest laurels won
Where'er thou wert, to Ind thou turn'dst thy face,
Not else but Ind did e'er thy thoughts embrace
Erased thyself, thou hast upraised thy race,
Didst bring it honour, but thyself efface.
- Drink, evermore in full serenity,
The nectar sweet of immortality !

The Late Hon. Mr. G. K. Gokhale.

(The First Anniversary of his Death--
19th February 1916)

"The peculiar mournfulness of the great loss the country has sustained by the premature death of Mr. Gokhale lies in the fact that all his time and energy were wholly devoted to the consummation of the noble aim and object he had so near to his heart,"—Hon. Mr. D. E. Wacha's Reminiscences, p. 53.

Servant of India loyal, faithful, true,
Whose wants by study close you so well knew,
By dint of ceaseless searching of her heart,
You put your finger on the ailing part,
Exposed it to your bold, incisive knife,
Your skill thus saved betimes her drooping life.
To serve her well your choicest gift bestowed,
And love intense in all your arteries glowed.
To reverence her your utmost pleasure found,
To her with your life's chords and heart-strings bound.
You lived and moved and had your being all,
In her, O Bharat-Mata! at stern Duty's call
With her your heart did in unison beat
Her woes aroused your sympathies complete.

The Late Sir Pherozeshaw M. Mehta.

(The late Sir P. M. Mehta, in his speech at the meeting of the Indian National Congress held at Nagpore in 1891 referred to the sad and untimely death of Charles Bradlaugh in terms which apply with equal force to himself at the present moment. He said *infer alia*:—"India had never more reason to lament what the poet has described with all the force of the old Hellenic conviction, as "the mystery of the cruelty of things" than when it was suddenly and despite the prayers of millions, deprived of the valiant knight who had sworn to do battle for her chosen and trusted champion, her true and tender friend, her wise and sober counsellor, her accredited representative in the great and august council of the Empire "
"How nobly, how indefatigably, how devotedly he applied himself to the task he had undertaken, with all that large human sympathy which always seemed to me to pervade and direct his fearless, powerful and uncompromising vindication and championship of right and truth and justice "]

Poor India ne'er before occasion had,
So dismal, dark, so tragic and so sad
Her joy and comfort all aside she flings,
Foreboding now her num'rous sufferings,
Laments in widow's weeds, while hands she wrings,
"The mystery of the cruelty of things,"
That with an evil eye snatched suddenly,
Despite the prayers of crores thirty-three,

Her valiant knight, who solemnly had sworn,
To fight for her, midst obloquy and scorn—
Her chosen champion, trusted, true, and tried,
Her tender friend, so steadfast by her side
Her sole acknowledged leader, tactful, wise,
To whom a nation's heart did idolise.
The spirit knoweth not the secrecy
That shrouds the fate of all humanity.
Beyond the veil no earthly sight can pierce,
What happeneth there, alas ! no voice rehearse.
He who so useful in this hour of need,
Is called away from her with heartless speed,
Who night and day worked for the common-weal,
On his sweet lips now death has set his seal.
He who but late ten thousand spell-bound held,
From him, so soon, his speech is now withheld?

II.

How nobly with devotion he applied
His talents rare and his experience wide,
To India's sacred Cause he had espoused,
By Persuasion's aid the Rulers roused
To their true sense of Duty, which they owed
To her, whom oft scant sympathy they showed—
To voiceless, helpless and unfrinded Ind,
Whom valued some as lightly as the wind.

So boldly he our claims did vindicate,
Before th' acknowledged Rulers of the State
Approached with strength of mind and breadth of view,
All problems deep, no sect nor section knew.
Led like the Belgian King, with main and might,
The championship of Justice, Truth and Right
In stress and storm found faithful at the helm,
Bold captain proved in councils of the rea'm,
In hall and senate so collected, cool,
What asset great, indeed, to British Rule,
What potent factor in the Empire was,
What good achieved, regardless of applause,
What pow'r tremendous he o'er Indians held,
All selfish? sordid gain with scorn repelled
To India proved a loyal faithful son!
Her service great how selflessly has done!

The Late Dr. William Wordsworth C. I. E.

Death laid its icy hand upon the brow
Of him who 'as stood our best of friends, till now
Who faithfully the Empire served and saved,
Whose name still is in India's heart engraved—
Our Rishi great—our high souled teacher blest,
Whose thoughts were sole to India's good address
By counsel wise our social ills who cured
And troubles great to lift us up endured

II

He strove to see old India soon re-born,
Of light and progress ushered in the morn
And higher laws and truths to us revealed
For guidance to our ancient faiths appealed
Our constant good and lasting welfare sought
And new desires, new aspirations brought
In us enkindled feelings of new hope
And to our learning gave the widest scope

III

He laboured studiously for days and nights,
With courage rare to vindicate our rights
And cast our rusty, rude ideals old
With earnest zeal unto the Western mould

Deep influenced by his silent, subtle force
With self respect we ran our daily course
Out of the world alas! a power is gone
From teachings his a brighter day will dawn

IV

His heart was like the ocean in extent
His mind expansive like the firmament
How faithfully he served with zest and zeal
Did ardent love and pure compassion feel
For the strange East the land of hope and light—
The dear loved mother great in Indians' sight—
The land the solar king doth early greet
On which life giving rays are first to beat

V

He always placed stern Duty over one's self
And honour pure above all paltry pelf
He gave us light and gave us strength and sight
And raised us with great pains to manly height
Stood 'gainst the cause that did resistance need
Fought for the cause did for assistance plead
And clasping India close to his great heart
For live-long years he nobly took her part

VI

He clad our foibles with a father's love,
Taught us to live all jealousies above

Averse to force, he won by sympathy,
Appealed to honour and to dignity.
By the great charm of inward majesty
All hearts to him were drawn mysteriously,
Out of the fulness of his heart he spoke
With sturdy strokes opponents' back thus broke

VII.

The idol of the student world was he,
Great in learning, great in sympathy
The bulwark of their aspirations true,
His heartening words but gave them strength anew,
Freely he moved among the Indian race,
Advanced their progress with a steady pace.
So rich his heart, so fertile was his mind,
Ne'er judged by face or race, was colour blind!

VIII

The truths you planted, Wordsworth! proudly stand,
For aye, they'll blossom, flower and expand,
And fructify in grateful pupils' hearts,
Sweetened with all the literatures and arts.
From fresher air they still will draw their breath,
For generations hence, defying death
Well grafted to the tree of India's good,
They'll grow unto the fibre of the wood

IX.

With honours loaded and midst loud acclaim,
You left your field of labour and of fame
To high-placed pow'r stooped not to bow or nod,
Acknowledged but your Conscience as your God

Fair Duty's voice implicitly obeyed,
Her sole commands unto your heart were laid
By instinct moved, you set the highest price,
On Love, on Service and Self sacrifice

X

You gave us nobler laws and nobler cares,
And warned us 'gainst all deep laid pits and snares
New spirit of self-consciousness infused
That it might for the general good be used
Brought sympathies of genial wholesome kind
And instincts of a truly cultured mind
Your name in gold enrolled 'mong teachers great
Your memory will long consecrate

XI

You loved her most so wisely and so well
On you it seemed as if she'd cast her spell
In all you taught or wrought and all you wrote
Intellectual freedom did so well promote,
How each cause had with you its proper price,
In toil, in struggle and in sacrifice
Away from country, friend and all alone,
Your death extorts to-day a parting groan

Lord Hardinge.

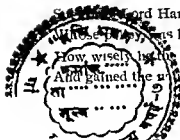
Five years of noble strenuous work in Ind
Are crowned to-day with Victory's Laurels green
You doff your fa'rite armour with just pride,
Midst Indians' deep and lasting gratitude
You've borne the heat and burden of the fight
And bravely met all troubles unperturbed
Firm like a rock all storms and winds withstood,
And great in suffering as in action proved

II

Time was when "Nabob" Viceroys ruled the land
Whom oft did Sun-dried bureaucrats surround
Who humoured and capoled them e'er so long
And taught them to repress our noble rage
But times are changed, now Viceroy true is he
Who works and feels the most for India's weal
Who studies night and day her wants and needs,
And treats her as a partner in the realm

III

See Lord Hardinge, honoured Viceroy great
Whose policy was laid on liberal lines
How wisely by the "People's Viceroy" proved,
And gained the nation's grateful blessings true



By his courageous sympathetic acts
He leaves the country happier than he found
His name endearing every hearth and home
Will always cherish with a reverent mind

IV

A Tinty the Indians worship now—
Three Empire builders great of foresight keen—
Our Clement Canning Righteous Ripon just
And Hardinge Sympathetic High soul'd, kind
The Greatest Viceroys known these decades five
Who loved the people and were in return
Loved with a ten fold love and reverence
As benefactors of the struggling race

V

How I revel you soon aft the outrage mean
At Delhi where the great Durbar was held
I expressed your faith unflinching and firm
In that same liberal policy of love
That erstwhile guided all your noble acts
How proud we are your generous faith in us
Reposed so long by noble instinct moved
Remains to day unshaken as before !

VI

You ruled us through the heart with just curb
With breadth of vision justice tact and love

You made us citizens of Empire vast,
Removed the foul, invidious bar that lay,
Like lead, on all the struggling sentiments
And aspirations of the country's sons ;
Displayed great qualities of statesmanship,
As liberal-minded ruler of the land.

VII

Broad sympathy, the secret of your rule,
Lay at the root of your just policy,
It was the measure of all righteous acts,—
The healing balm applied, with marvellous skill,
To all our festering sores and wounds and pain.
You rested not the rule on conquering sword,
Nor hasty proved to smell sulphurous smoke,
Of danger-scent where danger there was none.

VIII.

Fair England needs no sharpened sword to win
Her multi-colored subjects to her side.
She wants nor arms nor ammunition, too,
To keep in check her crores of swarthy sons.
You gave us in the Empire our due place,
By sympathy a myriad hearts thus won ;
The welfare of the Indians was your care,
It first and foremost stood in all you did.

IX

From Duty's path you ne'er retraced your steps,
But always forward placed your cherished goal
By six years' blessed rule o'er us you've earned
A glorious name to shine in Indian skies
In your own land now higher guerdon waits
For you, O statesman, worthy of your fame!
True to your country and your blessed King,
You've ruled the land with priceless sympathy

X.

Amidst afflictions great of heart and home,
Your high and lofty sense of Duty glenmed
That kept you at your post with firm resolve,
A cruel fate cut off in manhood's prime
Your son, your hope, and your own consort dear,
At whose sweet touch did vanish all your cares
Whose words of comfort breathed in angel tones
Eternal happiness and boundless joy

Or zeal to serve the land at any cost,
And once for all its rightful place secure?

XII.

O advocate of aspirations just !
Inspirer of new hopes, new sentiments
So eager and prepared to face the storm
Of conflict and of scorn with dignity.
Far-sighted mariner ! you steered with care
The bark of State through troublous waters high,
Through rage of scowling storms and growling winds
To safe and certain destination marked

XIII.

Ah ! you have proved a faithful messenger,
Whom Providence had sent, in anxious times,
To lull the storm and hush the furious winds
And teach those higher truths of peace and love
Thy fame, O avtar of sweet Sympathy !
Will sure resound, with that of British rule,
From Himalayas to Rameshvaram,
Across long centuries in our history !

XIV.

Dear, dear to you were all your Indians here ;
With parent's care you kept them near your sight,

How close were to your heart the Indian crores,
You carried whom in your warm bosom's fold
The kindly waters of your sympathy
Have reared a plant so fruitful and so sweet,
The key of deep-felt sympathy has oped
The hearts of India's ever-grateful sons !

XV

You lit the land you loved by inward light,
And with a statesman's eye you looked ahead
Unlifted us from our once fallen state,
Our status raised, new India did create,
And found your dream fulfilled to leave the land
A trusty friend and not dependant mere—
With worthy rank amongst the colonies !

XVI

You were the first to send our troops to fight
Do far off Europe's blood stained battle-fields,
How proud to find the Indian forces march
Through Marseilles in the panoply of war,
With heaving breast to take their honoured place,
Beside King George's British soldiers brave,
And gain a just rank in the Empire vast
As equal partner in its weal and woe

April 1916

The Secret of a Successful Rule.

"I have trusted India, I have believed in India
I have hoped with India, I have feared with India
I have wept with India, I have rejoiced with India
and in a word, I have identified myself with India
India's response has been a wonderful revelation to
me and sometimes I feel as if she had in return con-
fided her very heart to my keeping"

—(Lord Hardinge on the eve of his retirement
from India

O ! grateful Indians, let me now declare
My views to you entrusted to my care
How well I've trusted Ind thro thick and thin
Believed in her, with faith to love akin,
With her I've hoped and feared I with her as well,
On varying fortunes one could scarce foretell
I've wept with Ind, all sorrows hers I knew,
Rejoiced with her in her rejoicing true
She in return, did make my sorrows hers,
Dispelled my grief and made its clouds disperse
Aye, in a word, I made her cause my own
Her life, my life her comfort mine I've known
My heart-strings bound with hers as if from birth—
My land of hope, my paradise on earth !

I knew not my existence save in her
I drew not breath save with her own to stir
To her 'with thread of gold myself did bind
In her did I my true salvation find.
The kind response she 'as made so cheerfully,
What wondrous revelation 'twas to me !
I've seen with pride, how grateful, in return,
For me, ev'n now, her weeping soul doth burn,
Confiding full her inmost heart to me,
Unasked, ungrudging and unstintingly
How I have ruled her time alone can tell,
But sympathy hath won her heart full well,
There is the key, in it the secret lies,
Of my success, my guerdon and my prize ?

Lord Hardinge. and the Mesopotamia Commission.

I

"The safety of India was thus imperilled in the interests of the Empire as a whole. In such a cause I was naturally prepared to take risks, and I took them confidently, because I trusted the people of India, and I am proud to say they fully justified my confidence in them. From the moment of the outbreak of War and after, it was the steady policy of the Government of India to give readily to the Home Government of everything it possessed, whether troops or war materials, and it may be stated without exaggeration that India was bled absolutely white during the first few weeks of the war."

(Lord Hardinge in the House of Lords on July 3, 1917 on the report of the Mesopotamia Commission)

The Bombay Chronicle 4th August 1917

I

O Hardinge ! India's Viceroy ever beloved,
Whose rule o'er millions hath successful proved,
With what deep sorrow and what pain we view,
Th' ill-founded wanton charges made 'gainst you
By that Commission's farce that we beheld,
O'er Mesopotamia Expedition held
A shame it is, that you, a servant tried,
Who 'as done so much for Empire 's vilified

You shook your head at every rumour vile,
And spurned all libel and contemned all wile.
Response so splendid hers was due to what?
To naught but trust that trust in her be-got.

V.

For months by lacs were soldiers sent to France,
Full well equipped to stop the foes' advance.
Her timely aid did check their furious raid,
Upset the plans they'd laid, their onslaught stayed,
And saved the Empire, but imperilled Ind,
And kept her honour, shamed for e'er the fiend
So India's verdict is with one accord,
In favour of her Friend and noble Lord

VI

You gave up ease, endangered ev'n your life,
Far far away, you lost your noble wife,
Received you wounds at coward ruffians' hands--
The mischief of some ill-designing hands
On field of battle sacrificed your son,
Like father brave his Duty nobly done.
All this you bore for Ind's and Empire's sake,
How faithless in this way amends to make!

VII

Is it then graceful, grateful even to do,
To treat him thus for what he 'as done for you?
After his brave work raise a hue and cry,
And stab him who has saved the Empire's eye
Frustrated foes' nefarious dark designs
And served the Allies thus in the nick of time?
For shame, for shame, that England ever should
Reward him thus wLo 'as done her lasting good !

Let India be my Judge.

' It was throughout my constant endeavour to do my duty with single purpose during a period of exceptional strain and in the face of abnormal difficulties. I may have failed in my endeavour, but such a verdict should only be given in the light of India's military efforts taken as a whole and of the internal situation in the vast Empire and it should be endorsed not only by my fellow-countrymen here but by my fellow subjects in India to whose continued confidence and good opinion I attach the highest value. It is in the light of this wider outlook that my administration should be judged.
(Lord Hardinge in the House of Lords 3rd July 1917)

I

In th' House of Lords Earl Hardinge well observed
In feeling terms his dignity preserved -

It was throughout my object and my goal
To do my duty with one purpose sole
What strain I bore midst serious stress and storm
To keep my army in an excellent form
The final verdict—failure or success—
The party most concerned—Ind—must express

II

In thirty seven years' services will lie
My eloquent defence my best reply
Not sole from England it will approval find
But from my fellow-subjects in great Ind,

To their unanimous opinion, too,
And confidence, the highest weight is due.
Let India judge then what I've there achieved,
Brought the Empire honour and her fame retrieved

III.

Hear India's genuiue answer to the full;
"She blesses you for your true Ram-like rule,
She thanks her stars to've had in you a friend,
Devoted, true, who did her lustre lend.
Assurance gave of her deep loyalty,
And took full measure of her bravery.
She gave her life-blood, gave her treasure, all,
In sole response to your own clarion call.

IV.

All this she 'as freely done at your request,
And in obedience to her King's behest
One look of love from you as annuons served
To place her soul and substance, unobserved,
At your blest feet in the Empire's holy Cause
One word sufficed to bring, without a pause,
Her cherished heir-loom and her heritage
To enable England freely war to wage.
Your bold, assuring voice her spirits nerved
To deeds of daring which the Cause deserved

The dawn of era new your labours brought.
In Ind, so full of hope, unasked, unsought.
Your hand has kindled such a grateful light
That here for years and years it will burn bright.
Your fame doth live, your work will never die,
Your glorious acts will Slander's tongue defy.

20th August 1917.

The most beloved Victor, that could be
Should he be now denounced ungratefully,
Held up to public odium and contempt
As if he was an officer unkempt,
His services forgot, or held for nought
By a shrieking crowd, a furious mob distraught?

A statesman who steered India thro' those days
So perilous, when Tentous storm did raise,
That broke upon a world so unprepared—
When it in slumber lay attack they dared,—
Who boldly threw unto the arena vast
The bayonet-of what remained the last,
English or Indian, that could then be spared—
In arms and men at home so ill they fared,—
Who foresight used, made efforts so sublime,
The situation saved just at the proper time.—
A statesman who has done so much for you,
Checkmated foes by move effective, true,
Who gave the Allies much-needed breathing time
To mobilise their troops, their arms to prime,—
Should he be hounded out of public life,
While yet you 're in the midst of bloody strife,
Without a trial, or a hearing ev'n,
Simply by clamour of a mob when driven—
A mob so furious and so passionate,
That knows but how to prattle and to prate?
Fie, fie on guerdon such of services,
For shame, what base ingratitude is this!

. 1917

Dadabhai Naoroji.

A United Nation

India has one united nation grown,
Consolidated, firm, courageous, true,
With hopes, ideals, aspirations new,
She reaps the harvest of the seeds you've sown,
For seventy years you nursed her as your own,
Tho' Mehta and Telang soon joined with you
Gokhale and Bonnerji, alas! how few
During the earlier days you were alone.

Your single handed fight long mystified
E'en those who looked up at your work with pride.
Their hopes in you were fully justified
When you first entered the great Parliament,
In India's crores a pleasant thrill was sent,
When thundering shouts of joy the welkin rent
Sept 7, 1917

Dadabhai Naoroji.

The Self-Sacrificing Parent of Swaraj.

The mother plant, attached to fruitful earth
With aid of heavenly water's due supply,
Keeps in her womb bound with her heart-string's tie
The hopeful seed but when she does give birth
To fruit to show her own life's little worth,
With resignation calm she hastes to die
Effacing self without a groan or sigh
Of such devotion there is mournful dearth

Thou too - O Dadabhai! by heavenly grace
Proved true regenerator of thy race

 it of thy great labour forth didst bring
 by which now India loud doth ring
 which as loving parent thou didst tend
 ing it life hast calmly met thy end!

1917

The Voice of the East
ON
THE GREAT WAR.

(*Second Series*)

By

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Bombay

1917

Britain's Champions.

Three heroes—Asquith and Lloyd George and Grey,
Three pillars of the State, so strong, so true,
Work with what zeal and ardour, night and day,—
So loyal to their King and Country, too.
All private gain, all selfish thought, repelled,
Like brave Horatio and his comrades stand,
Full weight of th' Empire on their shoulders held,
In stern defence of their proud native land
Three brightest stars shine in the firmament,
With faith and hope, in hours of darkest gloom,
To Britain they have priceless lustre lent,
By counsel wise have sealed the foemen's doom
Three champions brave fight for the common good,
For preservation of the smaller States,
By highest sense of justice thus imbued
On which all human progress surely waits
These lions of the fight, all scorn despite,
Will pulverise to dust the harpies' ranks,

Crush to thin powder foemen's boasted might,
And soon confound their vaunted missed phalanx
Our captains bold, in fierce and foaming seas,
Through stress and storm, will guide our bark
with ease!

His Life's Desire.

Lieut-General Sir Pertapsing, who is in the fighting line in France, has made the following statement to the London Representative of the New York Sun :—

Oh how I wish that I should fighting die,
Heading my Lancers following close by
I would such death came to me soon and fast.
The death each Rajput loves to die at last
But if I die in bed, a doctor by,
Though in my native land, my dear ones nigh
In blissful ease, ah ! then, I take, I own
Much longer time t'approch the Heavenly Throne
I have not had, alas ! so long my chance
Though waiting still in fighting line in France,
But soon I hope to charge the foe ingrate,
Just at the head of my good Lancers straight
Die for my own belov'd King Emperor
And the brave Allies in the red field of war
Accept all Indian Princes gleefully,
The war as God sent opportunity
For them to show their soul's great loyalty,

To their brave King in his necessity.
 If our King George their services doth need,
 They'll serve him well ev'n in the ranks indeed.
 As private soldiers, with no pay or rank.
 Regardless equally of prize or blank.
 Gladly will they rush to the battle-field,
 Nay, send their sons, on whom all hopes th.
 Doth not the Prince of Wales fight in the
 With soldiers of the English and the F.
 The Rajput true looks to his Majesty
 As second only to God's sanctity.
 He scorns ignoble flight, and fighting d
 Counts only death—brave death—his hi
 ndian troops, of ancient noble
 to trench life, still have pr
 ntry attack how well they' v
 dred of their clan their live
 Now anxiously we're looking for t
 The great field day—when we'll
 On Europe's battle-field our fam
 As Rajputs meet the foe, and op

O' may I have my last great wish fulfilled,
That I unto my God my soul should yield,
As Rajput fighting at the head of men,
Thus leave the world at three score years and ten
Let this be soon, O sooner let it be—
To die on field in joy and ecstasy !

Why Should We Not Sing ?

Mr Lloyd George at the Welsh Eisteddfod asked "Why should we not sing during the war? Why especially should we not sing at this stage of the war?" &c

I

Lloyd George, our Empire's idol and its pride,
Who to himself all ease has long denied,
Well spoke at the Welsh Festival of Bards,
That no true Briton now sweet songs discards,
Why should they not sing during this Great War,
As in the times of peace they did before?
Why not at least at this decisive stage,
Then against the foes we rush with mighty rage?

II

The "blinds of Britain" are not even yet down,
Far yet from view is Victory's flower'd crown,
But sure and certain is our prize ere long,
Why not indulge in sweetest strains of song?
For Britain's honour is not faint nor dead,
Her dread in foemen's hearts so wide has spread,

Her might not broke, nor in the least impaired,
And never yet her choicest manhood spared.

III

Her life's not waned, nor destiny fulfilled,
She has till now accomplished what she willed.
Ideals noble are not shattered yet,
So well performed the task before her set.
More than alive is Britain still, indeed,
Loyal she is, and faithful to her creed,
The noblest blood still flows in her proud veins,
And blessings of all weaker States she gains

IV

More potent now and sounder than she was,
Free Britain stands to help the righteous cause,
Her wide dominions wider than before,
Her myriad subjects love her more and more.
Deeper her influence o'er the Empire vast,
Her daughters overseas cleave to her fast.
As guardian of the seas her fame doth ring,
Why should her children then not play or sing ?

V

'Tis true that thousands of her gallant sons
 Are falling in the fight against the Huns,
 Like mellow fruit by wildest whirlwind driv'n,
 How cheerfully these youths their lives have giv'n
 So let us of their heroism now sing,
 Sing to brave England and her thrice-blest King —
 The land that gave so many heroes birth,
 The brightest and most gallant tract on earth

VI

War's thunders loud have often shook her hills,
 But the good harp its mission still fulfils,—
 How on the needy its sweet solace pours,
 It never has been silenced by past wars.
 'er soldiers sing the finest songs of old,
 heir country's Honour on the field uphold,
 Their souls will play in harmony with songs,
 Just when they march to right all human wrongs

VII

Know ye not that the love-lorn Nightingale,
 The bird of thousand songs, doth e'er regale

Our ears with music clear and bright and sweet,
And strains of true love and devotion meet.
He trills his songs in stillness of the night,—
The sweetest songs of triumph o'er ill plight,
His plaintive voice resounds all o'er the hells,
His throat expresses what his soul fulfils.

VIII

So too the y cymro sings in joy and pain,
In woe and weal alike, with equal strain,
He sings at work, and likewise sings at play,
Sings in the night during the brightest day.
He sings in storm and in the sunshine's cheer,
True solace finds in song to him so dear,
All sing in peace, why then not sing in war?
Why not sing now as in the days of yore?

IX

We'll valleys cross and bridges storm ere we
Shall see the lovely face of Victory.
The foe's retreating now, he's lost his tide,
From dominant positions hurled aside.
The legions of th' Oppressor back are driv'n,
Our banner of Success has forward striv'n,

Our millions stand now in the battle line,
Facing the foe and death with spirit fine

X

Relieve your soul and sing your native hymns,
The song enlivens what the conflict dims,
Convey in song you cannot voice in words
What sweet melodious medium it affords !
Th' emotions surging in the nation's soul,
By brutal threat or fear you 'll ne'er control.
When th' eager soul o'erflows and needs,
O give it vent, and sing heroic deeds !

The Starving Belgians.

Plucked ruthless from the stem before its time,
The rose, so sweet, is trodden in the sand,
What fair and strong did in the garden stand,
Is basely drifted to a foreign clime,
No fault against it proved, no charge, no crime,
Of exile yet it feels the hated brand,
Compelled to quit its dearest native land,
Condemned to cruel fate before its prime !

It lies, so starved, deprived of light and air,
All colour lost, the fragrance still is there,
Its early bloom, so charming once and fair,
For want of care, how pale and wan it lies
Oh ! lift it, press it to your loving eyes
Such trampled sweetness your care justifies

July 3, 1916

The Children's Day: July 10.

An Appeal On Behalf Of The Belgians

I

O children of the British Empire vast,
Take your hats round collect the coins now fast
Your labours for your fellows soon begin,
" One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin
Now in their troubles and afflictions sore,
Go haste and score, bring money more and more
Perchance you'll meet some purse proud relative
Go straight to him and let the Belgians live !

II

All sums, however small, with cheer receive,
Your work as point of honour do conceive
Go, pester first your relative and friend,
And of your aim be sure the pure your end
Acquaintances, even strangers do not miss
Be not ashamed for such a cause as this
Deny yourselves all luxuries and give
For starving millions gallant and so brave

III

Ye, who, like furies, spend on marriage feasts,
 And will your stomachs fill like hungry beasts,
 Reserve a slice for those, the helpless poor,
 Preserve a pittance for them from your store
 Driven from their homes, obliged to emigrate,
 They've kept their spirit high at any rate
 For Duty gave their substance as their price,
 For Honour made their utmost sacrifice

IV.

See how our King taboos, with free accord,
 All wines and spirits from His royal board.
 Example from His self denial take,
 Wake up betimes, your daily savings make,
 And send them to your friends, the Belgians poor,
 From penury now driv'n from door to door
 How earnestly they now for help appeal,
 Relieve their wants and for them deeply feel

V.

Even children can do much, so if they choose,
 However small their share, none should refuse.

The boy, by making basket and ev'n kite,
The girl, by working with her needle bright,
Can earn and save, for suffering Belgians brave,
And both can give whate'er they find, or have,
From luxuries excess if set aside,
The same how well the needy will provide!

VI.

So many souls, alas! get barely yet,
One meal a day! O pampered wealthy set!
Leave luxuries, and simple war-bread eat,
The starving Belgian as your brother treat.
Starvation-struck, how he now stands aghast,
His limbs all colourless, his eyes down-cast—
His haggard look, 'condition' woe-begone,
His skin so' sallow, cheeks so pale and wan!

VII.

With what eyes' would you see your friend out-cast
When you till last enjoy your full repast,
And your Ally brave, who has staked his all—
For your own sake at Duty's urgent call,—
Looks quietly on, while you enjoy your pie
And leave your saviour thus to starve and die.

No remnants, nay, no broken crumbs to spare,
For him, however coarse, as barest fare.

· VIII. ·

Are you aware how much you daily waste,
Which kept, the starving ate with perfect taste ?
How much your fripperies would cover, indeed,
The poor who stand of patches ev'n in need?
The poor, for sooth, for twelve months would
not want,
If but the wealthy gave, however scant,
Their pieces cut, their torn and castaways,
And all their wasted stuff of but two days !

· IX. ·

O by your work of true beneficence,
Lift up the starving, injured innocents.
By patient constant dribblets you can make,
A reservoir full, or ev'n a lake.
From annas rupees, rupees sovereigns,
You soon can make, if you will but take pains
So by your mission of sweet mercy, pray,
Make July 10th a memorable day !

X

At least you'll give them necessities bare,
 Or means provide for the most frugal fare.
 Of those your brethren and your sisters, who,
 Have proved in times of need, Allies so true.
 Thus keep them from Starvation's cursed door,
 Collect good sums and send these more and more
 To Belgium's gallant sons and daughters bold,
 Who have, for you, borne miseries untold !

XI

See that they get at least *one meal* a day,
 To keep them going, ay, let them not say
 "We've almost perished for the cause of Truth,
 But neither foe nor friend now shows us ruth,"
 All praised our pluck, but pitied not our luck .
 None gave us food or drink, though famine-struck
 More welcome solid food than empty praise,
 A fuller stomach than ev'n songs and lays !

XII.

In their hard times now play your kindly part;
 Assist them well, from bottom of your heart.

Give with you sweet voice recitations nice
And first rate sports with music of your choice. -
Your mission of kind mercy well maintain,
And Conscience' fullest approbation gain.
Stand by the suffering Belgians in their plight,
See how they fought for Justice and for Right !

. XIII.

The Belgians stood so firm, much fewer though,
Between us and the fury of the foe,
So upset his plans, so carefully matured,
Full thirty years, for Victory assured.
Their chivalry enriches human race,
And lends to Faith and Honour their due grace.
To Belgians then the fullest tribute give,
There starving childrer's present wants relieve !

7th July 1916

The Charge of The Deccan Horse And The Dragoon Gurads.

14th July 1916

I

Ah! see how in the conflict on the Somme,
Away from trenches' line, and far from home,
Our horsemen clean rode down the Boches mean,
With skill removing obstacles between.
Each one with great enthusiasm burst,
Intent at once to meet the foe accurst.
They left their camp, so early in the morn.
To realise to full their hopes new-born.

II

Our cavalry went clattering past the trench—
Dragoon Guards and the Deccan Horse—to quench
Their thirst, long burning with impatience keen
And overleaping zeal, had eager been
To draw their sabre, level straight their lance,
And thrust in foemen's flesh, as it may chance.

Our horsemen first advanced with rapid bounds
And threw out patrols to inspect the grounds.

III

At the same time from up the aeroplane
A view was taken how the foes had lain.
Thrice the machine encircled o'er the spot,
Just like an eagle when its prey is sought.
Full soon the aircraft hovering overhead,
Swooped down upon the field quite undismayed,
And brought the longed for information true,
That helped us in our combined ventures new.

IV

With violent force our small guns rattled loud,
They frowned with scorn and looked amazing proud,
The Deccan Horse joined Dragoons in th' attack,
The foemen's fire soon greeted warm their back.
That instant horse and footmen well rephed,
Unbucketing their rifles bravely tried,
Poured in a heavy fire with smart effect
And spirit high, uncommon skill and tact.

V

The ground was hard, a true morass of shell,
 Mine-ploughed, bestrewn with disused things pell
 mell

Wrecked barbed entanglements of wire there lay
 Like plants and creepers on their rugged way.
 The horsemen did not hesitate nor blench,
 But dauntless rode right upto the last trench
 Of the mean cowards, but found they had left,
 Save for some gunners few, of faith bereft

VI

The Germans there were in the open caught,
 They walked into the trap unasked, unsought,
 Fell humbly on their knees and pity craved,
 Deemed fortune great, if but their lives were saved
 They clung to horses' legs so close and fast,
 That hard it was to sep'rate them at last
 Soon patrol came to capture prisoners thus,
 And take them in its charge, without least fuss.

V

'Twas like a dash across a polo field,
 But all our nerves, so grim in earnest, thrilled

We struck between a party of the foes,
When there fell dusk, but none thought of repose.
Many of them we stuck with sword and lance—
A glorious sight, few, few would thus advance.
All night we sent up star shells shedding light,
Like all display of fire works dazzling bright.

VIII

The tiger's cub that ne'er has tasted blood,
But lived on milk and vegetarian food,
If once unwitting it doth chance to eat
Some fresh killed ox or heifer's tasty meat,
It ceaseless runs about for such a prey,
Nor rests without it, or by night or day ;
So now our horsemen tasting well the fight,
Will often crave for such a dashing sight.

IX

Though nothing common in their caste or creed,
Marathas and the British were indeed,
Brought soon together by one purpose there,
One aim, one hope, one object and one care.

Before which every other interest failed,
No matter what the sacrifice entailed.
Such exploits high with credit great redound
On Indians loyal, faithful and renowned.

Ye sons and daughters of the Empire vast,
For Honour and for Truth fight to the last
Now is the time to render every aid,
That's in your power, in sunshine or in shade
Do not complacent with arms folded stand,
And be a burden on your motherland,
Or helpless dull incumbrance on the State,
Beneath the shadow of whose rule you wait.
See troops of Ahriman 'ainst Ormazd bright
Of force and fraud, arrayed, 'gainst Truth and Light.
Lie has been glorified and Truth denied,
Even God defied in arrogance and pride
For their false creed and their unholy war,
Full heartily the demons you abhor
With faith and hope war to the last do wage
Invoke on miscreants High Heaven's rage
Make firm resolve, on this the new Year's Day,
To crush the faithless foes, come, come, who may!

The Parsi New Year's Day.

Hail ! Morning of the new-born hopeful year,
Bring tidings of great victory and cheer,
Success to British arms, th' Allies' great Cause,
A glorious peace, and joy for Nations' laws
In Western Ind by strength of grace divine,
The Parsis now in public spirit shine
Since the advent of the British here in Ind,
Zoroastrians deep to them attached you'll find,
Firm with the British rule our fate is sealed,
On it our highest hopes we always build.—
A thrice-blest rule, ordained by Providence,
For India's needed slow, but sure, advance,—
A happy rule, where Righteousness governs,
Where Faith and Freedom's taper constant burns;
Where valour true and martial glory shine,
And truth and right with manliness combine ;
Where wolf and lamb at one same fountain drink
And high and low their differences sink.

Where salmon and the whale still sleep in peace,
In waters of the Empire's circling seas;
Where undisturbed do we our faith preserve,
Our ancient customs and our rites observe.
With thee, Oh Britain ! Parsis stand or fall,
To thee, in thy sore need, we give our all,
Thy strength our strength, thy honour is our pride,
Our fullest trust and hope in thee confide !

“ Frightfulness, Eh ! ”

The Fate of The S S. Arabla

The frantic efforts of a fiendish foe,
Like desp' rate bettings losing gamblers try,
Delighting in a babe's or woman's sigh,
Care not God's fixed, appointed laws to know,
Nor nations' compacts hallowed by Time's flow —
The fateful day of reck'ning drawing nigh,
When all the victims will for vengeance cry,
And thick and hot will accusations grow .

Why not come out on ocean's highway straight,
With boasted Fleet for open fight to wait ?
Why sneak and skulk in cross and crooked line,
And thus the name of manliness profane ?
Thou hast earned Kaiser, curses of the world,
Against all human rights defiance hurled

November 10 1916

A penny saved 's not only penny got.,
It will perhaps decide the chance of war,
By giving foes a final, deadly shot,
And seal thus Europe's fate for evermore.
Give up your comforts and your luxuries,
Until the enemies 'confess defeat.
Your luxuries will cost your liberties,
While timely thrift will win success complete.

Their Majesties' Xmas Wishes.

To Sailors and Soldiers

My fighting force, all those on land and sea,
Spend Christmas this in happiness and glee.
We send you all a New Year's wishes true,
Sweet happiness may ceaseless follow you,
For victories, for hardships long endured,
Full well of justice of our cause assured,
For readiness to serve our King, no less
For your own bright unfailing cheeriness,
Another Christmas season has come round,
Th' Allies still are firm to the trenches bound
In you howe'er th' Empire's confident,
(From every part it has its wishes sent),
Remains resolved to win the woeful war,
Determined with a will as ne'er before,
May Almighty God protect and bless you all,
Those serving far or near, at Duty's call!

TO SICK AND WOUNDED

O War-worn soldiers, sick and wounded mine,
O suff'ring sailors on the foamy brine,
Our thoughts go constant round your sick bed-side,
The Queen's and mine, at this our Christmas tide.
E'en more than e'er so maimed and mangled you,
Among my soldiers and my sailors true.
Deep from our hearts we wish you health and strengt
To bear your suff'ring drawn to such great length,
And many happier blissful years to come,
Among your friends, in your own peaceful home !
Dec. 26, 1916.

His Majesty's Speech on The Prorogation of Parliament.

Throughout the months since I addressed you last,
True to their glorious, high traditions past,
My valiant troops have well before my eyes,
In proud conjunction with my brave Allies,
Unceasing vigilance and valour shown,
And justified my trust in these my own.
However long the struggle still may last,
Their zeal supported by the Empire vast
Will finally achieve those worthy aims—
The truth of which the world so loud proclaims,—
For which I entered on this war, I trow,
Unaltered and ev'n unimpaired I know
My Government has been reformed now thus
To take against the foes steps vigorous.
To attain this object, and to reach this goal,
Must be our highest aim and purpose sole,
Until those rights we fully vindicate
That ruthlessly our foes did violate

And place the safety of the Empire vast,
On basis firm, foundation well re-cast.
For righteous cause my peoples all unite,
Support me fully with their utmost mite.
I pray the Almighty will His blessing give
And strength of will our object to achieve.

21st December 1916,

“Peace or War?”

(*The Premier at Guildhall on
11th January 1917*)

“Why is War preferable to Peace?”

At th' Allies' last Conference at Rome
All did to one determination come
No flinching, wav'ring or faint-heartedness
But unity of aim there ruled, no less,
With grim resolve and purpose sole t' achieve
The end, for which we challenge did receive,
And Europe forever of the menace rid,
With firm strong will such impious raids forbid,
Ere we the Temple of fair Peace rebuild
See its foundations solidly are filled,
How infinitely preferable 's War
To grim, perpetual menace on this score;
To purchase peace at heavy Prussian price,
Aft serious loss of blood and sacrifice.

And place the safety of the Empire vast,
On basis firm, foundation well re cast.
For righteous cause my peoples all unite,
Support me fully with their utmost mute.
I pray the Almighty will His blessing give
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Ere we the Temple of fair Peace rebuild
See its foundations solidly are filled,
How infinitely preferable 's War
To grim, perpetual menace on this score ;
To purchase peace at heavy Prussian price,
At serious loss of blood and sacrifice.

So squander not your wealth in luxuries
With it help soldiers ours 'gainst enemies,
No better use, investment safer, find
Than strength of wealth with strength of arm
combined

The Premier at Guildhall.

I

*"The Allies feel that if Victory is difficult, defeat is impossible"
(On the occasion of the war loan meeting—11th January 1917.)*

The black mark of Defeat writ on his brow,
The foe's long-wrought machine is crumbling now.
See how oppressive is the base poltroon,
He drags those whom he could not well dragoon
For us defeat 's impossible to gain,
If victory be difficult t' attain
Save Europe from dark dyed despotism
And menace of black militarism.
Resolve to rid the world e'erlastingly
Of hateful military tyranny,
To England's aid th' Allies look more and more,
Full confident of her unmatched sea-pow'r.
Her gallant navy strangles th' enemies,
In spite of all their open piracies
Our armies cleave the road to Victory,
With due support from th' Empire's armoury:

II

"The Prussian menace at present constitutes a running mortgage"

A loan successful proved would shorten war,
Save lives of th' Empire vast from shore to shore,
Save Europe and civilization hers,
From base abhorred Fo's perpetual curse
Each well-directed cheque, if duly primed,
More useful than a twelve-incher well timed,
To clear the path thro' tangled barbed wire,
Like shot or sharpnel thro' the heart entire
'Twill hurtle thro' the air to trenches deep,
And teach the foes the thorns of hardship reap
The more we give, the shorter war will be,
So much the nearer to our Victory
No venture rash 't will prove no greedy speck,
I want to see quite safely placed your cheque.
A running mortgage at a fearful rate
Detracts so much from credit of the State
Let's clear off this incumbrance once for all,
Let not a moment more the burden fall

In future let all nations well combine
T' inflict severe punishment condign
On those peace-breakers wild, who mischief wrought,
In furth'rance of designs so ill begot,
Bear your full share of burden to redeem
The mortgage, thus blow up the foe's dark scheme.

The Indian War Loan.

H. E. Lord Willingdon's Stirring Appeal

"To support the Loan is a solemn obligation of duty, honour and patriotism . . . Bombay has justly prided herself on being foremost in all great movements in India. I have every faith she will maintain her place in this the greatest issue that has ever been laid before her citizens — The Bombay Chronicle."

I

O people of this Presidency vast,
Both men and women, of each creed and caste,
Now is the time for you forthwith to show,
Your public spirit true to overthrow
The brutal foes for which snare weapon find
In Indian War Loan with terms well defined
Not mere financial gain or interest,
Should lead you to invest in it with zest

II

Let rich and poor in it participate,
None should his gains with greed now calculate,

Though these are many and so patent too,
Transaction safe and profitable true.
Release the shares you hold in slumbering firms,
Invest in War Loans on so easy terms.
Give proof of Ind's traditional loyalty,
And spread the fame of Bombay's probity.

III

How solemn is the obligation then,
On every true and honest citizen,
Of Duty, Honour and of Loyalty,
To support in full the Loan of Victory.
'Twill win the War and ever leave you free,
Subscribe to it with liberality
See how each part of th' Empire has combined
To make full sacrifice of every kind.

IV

The peace of India's now so well secured,
By British navy's matchless shield assured.
'T has kept your sacred soil inviolate
From th' unclean hands of coward foes ingrate,
Who've pillaged, devastated and destroyed
Fair lands and cities, shamelessly decoyed,

Enslaved and outraged women and young ones,
Where'er they've carried fire and sword-those Huns.

V

O give then all you can, and that at once,
To Duty's call thus make a prompt response
Gain lasting peace and safety for the world,
The banner proud of Liberty unfurled
Is this not, too, a debt of honour, pray,
That every loyal citizen should pay?
Haven't you been spared the wreck o'er Europe
spread?
Think of the brave who on the field have bled

VI

It's Bombay's boast, aye, just and honest pride,
To foremost stand on Truth and Justice' side,
In all the movements high in India known,
And seeds of greatness, sooth, she has first sown.
So let her now maintain her honoured place
In this the greatest issue she 's as to face,
And prove the Queen of Cities that she is,
And real by *urbs prima in Indis*.

H. M. The King at the Imperial War Conference.

(3rd May 1917.)

"The value of the Empire lies not in its greatness and strength alone, but in the several contributions that each of its diverse parts with their varying circumstances and conditions makes to the one general stock of knowledge and progress "

I

How frank and open-hearted did express
His Majesty his views to the address
Giv'n by the *The Imperial Conference of War*,
Summoned to advise on weighty problems sore ;—
" The tide of ardent souls from far and wide
Comes pouring in with pride to Britain's side,
Their pulses beating quick, their hearts aglow,
To oppose with strength and nerve the common foe.

II

See, India and the daughter Colonies
Numerous armies raised with perfect ease,
Magnificent the contributions made
Of men and money in the *Empire's* aid,

By all her subjects with a fervour keen,—
To me so great a source of pride 't has been,—
The call of Duty such response has met,
From loyal subjects, which I'll ne'er forget

III

They've made towards th' expenses of the war
Great sacrifices never known before.
Without a groan or murmur shed their blood,
And fearless at the cannon's mouth have stood
How Liberty and Freedom's glorious Cause
Millions from farthest end of Empire draws—
This, this the keystone of my Empire famed,
For years and years from East to West proclaimed

IV

Do not true sympathy and brotherhood
Breed harmony, lead to the common good,
Conduce to safety, honour and welfare
Of the Dominions in my daily care?
And help, forsooth, to build foundations sure
On which the State can rest and long endure?
Better than tons of gold is amity
Higher than pomp and pride is unity.

V

Not in its greatness, or its strength, alone
 The value of the Empire lies, I own
 But in the sev'ral contributions made
 By each one of its diverse parts well laid,
 With all their varying circumstances new,
 To that sole common stock of progress true
 Which various parts in golden links shall bind,
 With one intent, one object, and one mind

VI

May, may your comradeship in the open field
 Continue long, its choicest fruit to yield
 Of service, sacrifice and suffering
 And fighting for your Empire and your King
 And closer bind My peoples' loyal hearts,
 With silken thread of love that soon unparts
 Such Faith and Hope as will endure for aye,
 After the horrid war has passed away.

VII

With feelings of affectionate regard
 I shall by day and night your interests guard,
 And follow ceaselessly the happiness

Of yours my subjects loved with eagerness.
As shepherd to his flock, so I to you , am bound,
To watch your weal and keep you safe and sound
May God Almighty shield and bless you all,
Who've gathered here from far at th' Empire's call
May 10, 1917

Her Majesty's Token of Sympathy TO INDIA'S WAR BEREAVED WOMEN

In sorrow and sympathy my thoughts fly
across the seas to my sisters in India, that beautiful land which
I have twice visited and love so well I send you this to do hon-
our to a very brave soldier of the Empire who died for you and
for us in the glorious fight for truth and freedom against tyranny
and broken faith ' Mary R 1 (The Bombay Chronicle 12th
August 1917)

Ye bound with the Empire in the closest tie,
My noble sisters dear, my friends in Ind,
Whose hearts with mine with golden thread are
twined,
My thoughts across the parting sea waves high
In sorrow and in sympathy now fly
To your enchanted land that we did find,
Twice during visits ours, so loving-kind,
You've lost indeed, the apple of your eye

Accept this token from my heart, I crave,
In honour of the Empire's soldier brave,
Who died for you, and died for Us, as well,
In fight, which doth in righteousness excel—
A fight for Truth, for Justice, Liberty,
'Gainst broken faith and lie and tyranny "



OPINIONS,

The Voice of the East on the Great War

[1st Series]

' A volume of poems in heroic verse on the events of recent years, especially the events of the war. The language is vigorous and correct and shows a close study of the classic poets of England as well as real poetic sense in the author ' --

(*The Indian Education for October 1916*)

Dr William Wordsworth L. L. D. C. I. E., Late Principal of the Elphinstone College Bombay, writes from Capri in Italy -

' I write a few lines to thank you for your 'Voice of the Last ' I have read it with interest and pleasure. It breathes a fine spirit and that conveyed with much energy of expression '

Kisse-i-Sanjan.

(Being a narrative of the first arrival of the Parsees from Iran to India. Edited by R. B. Paymaster. With an Introduction by R. P. Karkaria. (Fort Printing Press Bombay.)

Mr Paymaster has done a service to Orientalists in general and to his fellow countrymen in particular, by his scholarly edition of this little epic. The Pilgrim Fathers of the Parsi race fled from Persia about 600 A. D., with their wives and belongings to escape the alternatives of extinction or conversion at the hands of the conquering Mahomedans. At first they migrated no further than Ormuz, but persecution followed them there and they took ship to India. They first put into the port of Diu, but

finding this spot unpropitious, they hoisted sail, and made for Gujarat. After experiencing a terrible tempest, they dropped anchor at Sanjan, a village on the coast about 25 miles South of Daman. Here they were befriended by the local Raja, one Jayadeva, who allowed them to settle down. This prince was moved to friendliness by discovering the similarity in rites and customs between the Indians and their Iranian kinsfolk. Generations afterwards, when the Mahomedans invaded Gujrat, the Parsis repaid in earnest the hospitality of their Hindu hosts. 'Fear not, O Prince,' cried their aged Priest, 'Our custom in battle is known to all. We give no ground while breath is in our bodies. Not a man of us will turn his back upon the foe though a millstone were dashed upon his head!' In the battle which ensued, the Hindus fled, but Ardeshir and his companions found a glorious death on the field. The Parsi community, robbed of the flower of their race, took refuge in the Bahrut mountains thence, when times became quieter, they migrated successively to Binsdah and Navsari, taking with them the sacred fire. Here they settled down, and from this spot the Parsis spread over Gujarat and became a prosperous and powerful race. The book before us contains the original Persian text (written in 1599 A. D.), carefully collated and edited, an old Gujarati prose translation, Eastwick's English translation (1842) and a modern translation by the editor. Two English translations appear rather superfluous. Eastwick's is good, and it would have been sufficient to have added footnotes where necessary. Mr. Karkaria's introduction is scholarly and to the point and the work is well turned out. There are, however, a number of mistakes which should not have escaped the eye of the proof-corrector.

The Times of India, August 1916

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Kisse-i-Sanjan (in Persian, English & Gujarati)	Rs.	2	4
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" " " " " " Paper bound	1 4

The following book will be ready shortly:—

The Epic of Sanjan in English verse being
a narrative of the Exodus of devout
Zoroastrians from Iran to Western India
after the fall of the dynasty of Sassan
from the original Kisse-i-Sanjan written
by Bahman Karkobad three centuries